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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1853.

LITERATURE.

THE DAUPHIN, HIS LIFE, HIS AGONY, HIS DEATH.

M. DE BEAUCHESNE, in his two volumes issned in Paris, has given the most complete, and apparently the most authentic, history extant, of the life, captivity, and death of the dauphin, Louis XVII., the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He tells us that he has devoted twenty years to the collection of his material; and his work, by the fulness of detail, abundance of original documents, and laborious research, would seem to confirm his statement.

M. de Beauchesne has unnecessarily encumbered his work with re-writing some familiar chapters of French history. The philosophical judgment of Thiers, and the picturesque painting of Lamartine, have left but little for the reader to desire on the score of information or interest. Our minds have been fully stored with the facts of the eventful times of the revolution, and our imagina-tions heated to an intensity quite equal to the conception of that exciting period.

Our author has nothing new to say, nor does he say what is old any better than it has been said, upon certain points about which he writes quite superfluously, such as the preliminary revolutionary movements, the trial and execution of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, and various well known historical incidents so well recorded by other historians. In regard to the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple, we have many new facts of interest; but Mr. Beauchesne's work especially commends itself to us on the score of its full personal account of the young dauphin. The story of Louis XVII., with its strange vicissitudes of fortune, revealing to us a palace, a prison, a grave, happiness, suffering, death, with a prince as its hero, an innocent child as a victim, and a mystery for its dénouement, has powerful elements of interest. Our author has not allowed the subject to lose any of its attractions in his treatment, but has presented it with all the skilful melodramatic effect of a French writer.

The chief historical interest of the book centres about the disputed event of the death of the dauphin, upon which the author has thrown new light. In the preface to his work M. de Beauchesne states his very decided belief that the young prince died in the Temple, and the grounds of that belief.

"Louis of France, the seventeenth of the name, lived only ten years, two months, and twelve days. He only bore the title of king in the cottage of the Vendean, or in the tents of the exile. Consequently but few words would

seem necessary in reciting his life.

"But his life, so few in days, was so long in suffering, that considerable time, and a good deal of courage have been necessary in tracing it. If it has not been one of those lives of kings or of heroes who have controlled the destinies of their age, and weighed powerfully in the balance of the world, it has been one of those lives of martyrs, the most worthy of respectful commiseration, from their sufferings, and the most remarkable, for mystery in their deaths. We can hardly describe the sad and painful interest that we have felt in entering that labyrinth where truth was so close to error, and whence we have been able to escape only by re-

uniting the broken threads of a thousand memories, and by availing ourselves of all possible light that could be thrown upon our course. We were aware, from the commencement of our researches, how public opinion had never been firmly established in regard to the death of a child, a matter apparently of so inconsiderable, yet, in reality, of so great importance. France and Europe were witnesses only from a distance of the drama of the Temple; they did not behold all its scenes; they only learned the sad event in such a manner as to leave them, to this day, almost in doubt of its occurrence. Before this veil, which shrouded the tragic death of the son of Louis XVI, it is not surprising to hear it asserted, with the warmth of profound conviction, that the young victim escaped, alive, from his prison; it is granted that a child did really die in the *Temple*, but if this was the descendant of our kings, no one can positively affirm it; that the physicians certified to his death, but not to his identity; and, as it has never been known how the man in the iron mask came into the world, so it might never be known how the child of the Temple ever left it; and the tomb of the one remains in the same mystery as

the cradle of the other,

"It was natural, under these circumstances, that certain impostors should present them-selves before the world, as the inheritors of a glorious and sacred name. Apart from some ephemeral pretensions, of which the courts have taken no cognisance, there have appeared four serious pretenders, who have by turns in-tensely excited public attention: Hervagault, Mathurin Brunseau, Naümdorff, Richemont, all men of different characters, have in turn played the same part with so much constancy, apparent candor, firmness, and audacity, that they have succeeded in gaining over the judgments of some, and disturbing those of others. That which is the most incredible is always that which most attracts the credulous. Probability appears an insignificant thing, to most men, and the imagination, stimulated by the wonderful, requires to be astounded in order to believe. For our part, we too have been obliged to put ourselves on our guard against our own inclina-tions, against the instinct of our nature, which would lead us towards the regions of the mar-vellous. It would have been to our taste to have allowed a poetic mystery to hover over the ruins of the Temple; but we have examined so closely the circumstances of this ammed so casely the circumstances of this frightful episode, that poetry must yield to a sad reality. The child whose life we have undertaken to write, born amid the storm which for more than a century had brooded over the head of his race and his country, was destined to behold his father and his mother pay for the fact the react and the diameters have life. faults of the past, and to disappear himself in the tempest. This conviction has, to my mind, the certainty of a demonstration.

"I have spared neither care, nor research, nor study, to arrive at the truth. I have ascended to the source of all the facts already known; I have brought myself into relations with all the persons still living, to whom the accident of position or their duties have opened the gates of the Temple; I have had much information to collect, a great many errors to correct. I have made the acquaintance of Lasne and Gomin, the two last gardiens de la tour, in whose arms Louis XVII. died."

The death of the dauphin is thus described by M. de Beauchesne, as reported to him by Gomin, one of the gardiens du temple:

DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

"Gomin observing the child calm, motionless, and silent, said to him: 'I hope you are not suffering at present !'- 'Oh, yes, I am suffering, but much less: the music is so sweet!'

"There was no music either in the tower or in the neighborhood; no noise from without at this

moment reached the chamber where the young martyr was dying. Gomin, surprised, asked him: 'Where do you hear the music?'—'From on high!— How long since!— Since you have been on your knees. Don't you hear it! Lis-ten! Listen! And the child raised his failing arm, and opened his large eyes lighted up with ecstasy. His poor guardian, not wishing to destroy this sweet and heavenly illusion, set himself to listen also with the pious desire of hearing what could not be heard.

"After some moments of attention, the child started again, his eyes glistened, and he ex-claimed in an inexpressible transport: 'In the

midst of all the voices I heard my mother's!'
"This word seemed, as it fell from the orphan's lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows expanded, and his countenance brightened up with that ray of screnity which gives assurance of deliverance or victory. With his eye fixed upon a vision, his ear listening to the distant music of one of those concerts that humen ear has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

"An instant afterward, the brilliancy of his eye became extinguished, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and an expression of sinking

showed itself upon his face.

"Gomin observed him closely, and followed with an anxious eye every movement. His breathing was no longer painful; his eye alone seemed slowly to wander, looking from time to time towards the window. . . Gomin asked him what it was he was looking at in that direction. The child looked at his guardian a moment, and although the question was repeated, he seemed not to understand it, and did not answer.

Lasne came up from below to relieve Gomin: the latter went out, his heart oppressed but not more anxious than on the evening before, for he did not expect an immediate termination. Lasne took his seat near the bed; the Prince regarded him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy look. When he made a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he was, and if he wanted any-thing. The child said: 'Do you think that my sister has heard the music? how happy it would have made her!' Lasne was unable to answer. The eager and penetrating look full of anguish of the dying child, darted towards the window. An exclamation of happiness escaped his lips; then looking towards his guardian, he said: 'I have one thing to tell you.' . . . Lasne approached and took his hand; the little head of the prisoner fell upon his guardian's breast, who his prisoner feit upon his guardian's breast, who listened to him, but in vain. His last words had been spoken. God had spared the young martyr the agony of the dying rattle; God had kept for himself the last thought of the child. Lasne put his hand upon the heart of the child; the heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat. It was half past two o'clock in the afternoon,'

M. de Beauchesne knew Gomin and Lasne, the two last guardians of the dauphin, and received from them each a certificate, confirming his account of the prince's death. Fac-similes of these original papers are given in the book which we translate.

Testimony of Gomin.

MONSIEUR DE BEAUCHESNE,

Nothing can be more true than what you have written in regard to the last moments of the dauphin, his conversations, and his death. You have also done justice to my sentiments, and I thank you for it with all Receive, &c., my heart. GOMIN.

PARIS, 23 April, 1840.

Testimony of Lasne.

MONSIEUR DE BEAUCHESNE,

As I have always said, and always will say, I declare here upon my honor, and before

Louis XVII., Sa Vie, Son Agonie, Sa Mort. Par M. A. De Beauchesne. Paris: Piou Frères, 1852.

God, that the son of Louis XVI. died in my arms, in the tower of the Temple. They are nothing but impostors who pretend the contrary. I had often seen the unfortunate dauphin at the Tuileries, and I perfectly recognised him in his prison. You have perfectly recalled all the details I gave you, the account of which that you have drawn up and have read to me, is most scrupulously exact. I have told the truth all my lifetime; it is therefore, not when I am approaching the end of my days, that I would falsify it.

LASSE.

October 21, 1887.

The certificate of the physicians, who were appointed to examine the body of the dauphin, after death, has been always referred to, in justification of the doubts upon the death of the prince. The paysicians certainly do not certify to the identity of the dauphin; this is what they say:—"We found, in a bed, the dead body of a child, who appeared to us about ten years old, and which, the commissioners told us, was that of the son of the defunct Louis Capet; and two of us recognised the child as one whom, they had attended, a few days since." In regard to certain marks on the body, it is stated:—"We found, inside the right knee, a tumor; and another smaller tumor on the arm, near the left wrist."

M. de Beauchesne's work, provided it be well authenticated, cannot fail to clear up the mystery in which the end of the dauphin has been so long involved. The conclusion of the author will hardly be resisted by the most sceptical, and there will be little hesitation to accept the death of the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as an historical fact.

TRENCH'S LESSONS IN PROVERBS.*

Mr. TRENCH's easy, colloquial, suggestive discourse is a model in its way. He took up the subject of Proverbs one day as the topic for a single lecture; on looking into the thing, it grew upon him, and he delivered five discourses or lessons, still only tripping lightly over the vast field, gracefully retiring with his last specimen on his lips from the Spanish, He leaves nothing in his inkstand, a phrase which he justly thinks contains the secret of an immense deal of dulness in the world. Mr. Trench does not exhaust his ink, and most assuredly not his reader's patience-for we would still hear more from him of his wise, reflective, humanizing talk upon these lay texts of the world—for the proverbs of all nations constitute a kind of popular bible of all nations. Mr. Trench gleans from all, from China to Peru, or at least St. Domingo; he has Greek proverbs on his page, Latin proverbs, Spanish-many of them, for the sake of Sancho Panza-Italian, where virtue and knavery are alike sententious-French, German, and homely English. He might have added American, but he appears unaccountably to have forgotten Poor Richard and Dr. Franklin.

We have already noticed (Lit. World, No. 312) Mr. Trench's plan in this little book—as he discourses on the nationality, the literary, moral, and theological virtues of proverbs. We will take a specimen of each of these points.

SPANISH PROVERDS.

"And in respect of their quality, it needs only

to call to mind some of those, so rich in humor, so double shotted with sense, wherewith the squire in Don Quizote adorns his discourse; being oftentimes indeed not the fri upe and border, but the main woof and texture of it: and then, if we assume that the remainder are not alto gether unlike these, we shall, I think, feel that it would be hard to appreciate them more highly than they deserve. And some are in a higher vein; for taking, as we have a right to do, Cervantes himself as the truest exponent of the Spanish character, we should be prepared to trace in the proverbs of Spain a grave thoughtfulness, a stately humor, to find them breathing the very spirit of chivalry and konor, and indeed of freedom, too; for in Spain, as through so much of Europe, it is despotism and not freedom which is new.

"Nor are we disappointed in these our expectations. How eminently chivalresque, for instance, the following: White hands cannot hurt. What a grave humor belougs to this: The ass knows in whose face he brays. What a stately and superb manner of looking calamity in the face, speaks out in the advice which this one contains: When thou neest thy house in flames, approach and warm thyself by it. What a spirit of freedom, which would not be encroached on even by the highest is embodied in another: The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would."

ITALIAN TRAITS.

"The Italians also are eminently rich in proverbs: and yet, if ever I have been tempted to retract or seriously to modify what I shall have occasion by and by to affirm in regard of a nobler life and spirit as predominating in proverbs, it has been after the study of some Italian col-lection. 'The Italian proverbs,' it has been said, not without too much reason, though perhaps also with over much severity, 'have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb in an Italian collection is some cynical or some selfish maxim, a book of the world for worldlings.' Certainly, many of them are shrewd enough, and only too shrewd; inculcating a universal suspicion, teaching to look everywhere for a fee, glorifying artifice and cunning as the true guides and only safe leaders through the perplexed labyrinth of life, and altogether seeming dictated as by the very spirit of Machiavel

There is scarcely more originality in proverbs than in jokes. No nation can entirely claim some of them—for example:—

"We probably take for granted that Coals to Newcastle is a thoroughly English expression of the absurdity of sending to a place that which already abounds there, water to the sea, fagots to the wood: and English of course it is in the outward garment which it wears; but in the innermost being it belongs to the whole world and to all times. Thus, the Greeks said: Owis to Athens, Attica abounding with these birds;—the Rabbis: Enchantments to Egypt, Egypt being of old esteemed the headquarters of all magic;—the Orientals: Pepper to Hindostan;—and in the middle ages they had this proverb: Indulgences to Rome, Rome being the centre and source of this spiritual traffic—and these by no means exhaust the list."

We have noticed the sensitive perception of Mr. Trench. How feelingly some of his proverbs remind us of what we are!—

CREAP HUMILITIES.

"How exquisitely delicate is the touch of this French proverb: It is easy to go afoot, when one leads one's horse by the bridle. How fine an insight into the inner workings of the human heart is here! It is easy to stoop from state, when that state may be resumed at will;

easy for one to part with luxuries and indulgences which he only parts with exactly so long as it may please himself. No reason indeed is to be found in this comparative easiness for the not 'going a foot',' on the contrary, it may be a most profitable exercise; but every reason for not esteeming the doing so too highly, nor setting it in value beside the trudging upon foot of him who has no horse to fall back on at whatever moment he may please."

A political proverb for

FREE TRADE.

"Proverbs will sometimes outrun and implicitly anticipate conclusions which are only after long struggles and efforts, arrived at as the formal and undoubted conviction of all thoughtful men. After how long a conflict has that been established as a maxim in political economy, which the brief Italian proverb long ago announced: Gold's worth is gold. What millions upon millions of national wealth have been as good as thrown into the sea, from the inability of those who have had the destinies of nations in their hands to grasp this simple proposition, that everything which could purchase, was as really wealth as the money would purchase, was as really wealth as the money itself! What forcing of national industries into unnatural channels has resulted from this—what mischievous restrictions in the buying and selling of one people with another! Nay, can the truth which this proverb affirms be said even now to be accepted without gainsaying—so long as the talk about the balance of trade being in favor of or against a people, as the fear of draining a country of its gold, still survive!"

A fine improvement of a scriptural illustration:

THE EAGLES AND THE CARCASE,

"One of the most remarkable features of a good proverb is the singular variety of applications which it will admit of, which indeed it challenges and invites. Not lying on the surface of things, but going deep down to their heart, you will find it capable of being applied again and again, and under circumstances the most different; like the gift of which Solomon spake, 'whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth?' or like a diamond cut and polished upon many sides, which reflects and refracts the light upon every one. There can be no greater mistake than the attempt to tie it down and restrict it to a single application, when indeed the very character of it is that it is ever finding or making new ones for itself

"It is nothing strange that with words of Eternal Wisdom this should be so, and in respect of them my assertion needs not a proof. I will, notwithstanding, take as a first confirmation of that which I have just affirmed, a reriptural proverb, one which fell from the Lord's hps in his last prophecies about Jerusaleta: "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together" (Matt. xxiv. 28) Who would venture to say that he had exhausted the meaning of this wonderful saying? For is it not properly inexhaustible? All history is a comment on these words. Wherever there is a church or a people, abandoned by the spirit of life, and so a carcase, tainting the atmosphere of God's moral world, around it assemble the ministers and messengers of Divine justice, the eagles' (or vultures more strictly, for the true angle does not feed on aught but what itself has slain), the scavengers of God's moral world; scenting out as by a mysterious instinct the prey from afar, and charged to remove presently the offence out of the way. This proverb, for the saying has passed upon the lips of men, and thus has become such, is being fulfilled evermore. The wicked Canaanites were the carcase, when the children of Israel came into their land, the commissioned eagles that should remove them cut of sight. At a later day the Jews

On the Lessons in Proverbs; being the substance of Lectures delivered to Young Mens' Societies at Portsmouth and elsewhers. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Redfield.

were themselves the carcase, and the Romans the eagles; while in the progress of decay, when the Roman empire had quite lost the spirit of life, and those virtues of the family and the nation which had deservedly made it great, the northern tribes, the eagles now, came down upon it to tear it limb from limb, and make room for a new creation that should grow up in its stead. Again, the Persian empire was the carease; Alexander and his Macedonian hosts the eagles that, by sure instinct, gathered round it to complete its doom. The Greek church, in the seventh century, was too nearly a carcase to escape the destiny of such, and the armies of Islam scented their prey, and divided it among them. In modern times, Poland was, I fear, such a carcase; and this one may affirm without in the least palliating their crime who partitioned it; for it might have been just for it to suffer, what yet it was most unrighteous for others to inflict. Nay, where do you not find an illustration of this proverb, from such instan-ces, on the largest scale, as these, down to that ces, on the largest case, as the surrounded by sharpers and blacklegs, and preyed on by these? Everywhere it is true that Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered to-

Here is a reflection which we should not forget, in our judgment of eminent men. How often have we seen it violated!

LOOK AT THE WHOLE MAN.

"Better a diamond with a flaw, than a pebble without one. Here, to my mind, is the assertion of a great Christian truth, and of one which reaches deep down to the very foundations of Christian morality, the more valuable, as coming to us from a people—the Chinese—beyond the range and reach of the influences of direct revelation. We may not be all aware of the many and malignant assaults which were made on the Christian faith, and on the morality of the Bible, through the character of David, by the blind and self-righteous deists of a century or more ago. Taking the scripture testimony about him, that he was the man after God's heart, and putting beside this the record of those great sins which he committed, they sought to set these great, yet still isolated, offences in the most hateful light, and thus to bring at once him, and those who praised him, alike to shame. But all the while the man, what he was—with this, with the moral sum total of his life, to which alone the scripture testimony bore witness—they concerned them-selves not at all: which yet was a far more im-portant question than what any of his single acts may have been, and that which, in the estimate of his character, was really at issue. answer, a diamond, which, if a diamond with a flaw, as are all but the one 'whole and perfect chrysolite,' would yet outvalue a mountain of pebbles without one, such as they were—even assuming the pebbles to be without; and not merely to seem so, because their flaw was an all-pervading one, and only not so quickly detected, inasmuch as the contrast was wanting of any clearer material, which should at once reveal its presence."

In an appendix, Mr. Trench brings together some interesting specimens of the rhymed, mediæval Latin proverbs, which will interest our classical readers. We present a few of them:-

- "Accipe, sume, cape, tria sunt gratissima Pa-
- "Aspera vox, Ite, sed vox est blanda, Venite."
- Cum jocus est verus, jocus est malus atque severus,"
- "Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere

- "Fæmina ridendo flendo fallitque canendo."
- "Hoc retine verbum, frangit Deus omne super-
- "Illa mihi patria est, ubi pascor, non ubi nascor.
- "Non habet enguillam, per caudam qui tenet illam.
- " Parvis imbutus tentabis grandia tutus.
- Qui pingit florem non pingit floris odorem."
- "Si bene berbatum faceret sua barba beatum, Nullus in hoc circo queat esse beatior hirco."
- Si qua sede sedes, et sit tibi commoda sedes, Illâ sede sede, nec ab illâ sede recede.'
- Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum stercore certo,

Vinco seu vincor, semper ego maculor."

- "Multum deliro, si cuique placere requiro; Omnia qui potuit, hac sine dote fuit.'
- Permutant mores homines, cum dantur hono-

Corde stat inflato pauper, honore dato."

Mr. Trench's Lessons in Proverbs are a worthy sequel to his Studies of Words,-a work, the modest and simple character of which is in the direct ratio of its sagacity and real importance. It is a pleasure to know that a book so full of the spirit of refinement and learning, has been eagerly welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic.

WARD'S ENGLAND.*

MATT. WARD is a brief and compact designation. Its owner writes books as he writes his name, judging from the specimen of the former before us. That "Matt." has a dogged, somewhat cross-grained look about it, very different from the smooth placid sound of the cognomen when written or enunciated in full. There is a like abbreviatory process in the book. It is designedly pruned and sharpened to a most trenchant edge, its object being to return the delicate compliments of Mrs. Trollope, Messrs. Featherstonhaugh, Hall, Hamilton, and other ladies and gentlemen, painfully sensitive on the subject of overturned mustard pots, and other irregular workings of democracy, in their own coin. Now, John Bull, being a plethoric old gentleman, has no lack of corns, and the iron heel of our Westerner is "down" on them without mercy. His own countrymen of Anglican sympathies are, however, dealt with still more savagely than the original offenders.

A book of this kind is necessarily one-sided, but it will do no harm to have this seamy side turned towards us now and then to counteract the continuous eulogy in certain quarters of England, to which Mr. Ward justly takes exception. Besides, we do not like good genuine hearty people the less for knowing their faults, and John Bull has much that is genuine to fall back upon—a fact, we suspect, that Mr. Ward would admit as quickly as

any one. Our present business, however, is with his grievances." These are most varied and most methodically arranged, ranging from the "sixpenny" class to the enormities of ecclesiastical pluralities. By the "sixpenny" class is meant the constant demand for that small coin by way of fee from the custodians of pretty much everything in England. The following scene in Westminster Abbey is an illustration.

"The accumulated expectations pent up since his boybood, become oppressive by delay, and the visitor grows warm and fidgety in his anxiety to be admitted to the holier places of the church. This intensely vivified excitement never becomes dangerous, however, as by a charitably considerate arrangement of the English government, it is always allowed ample time to cool. The numerous gentlemen in black, whom the government compels the old church to pay, for so shabbily doing its honors, being of sedentary habits, and a literary turn of mind, are unwilling to be interrupted to convey a single visitor through the interior chapels. It requires a party of seven curious individuals, each one provided with a talisman in the shape of a sixpence, to interrupt the comfortable repose of a pompous official. And as most people have ceased to consider a show, composed of mouldy monuments and tattered flags, a very lively one, even when it happens to be a great bargain—a stranger will usually incur the risk of remaining some time in the antechamber. During the painful period of his probation, he is subjected to the impositions of another class of hucksters. Watching with the liveliest interest the various stages of his impatience, they rapidly advance upon him, from every nook and corner, the instant they perceive him arrived at the extreme point of desperation. With unblushing assurance, they poke at the bewildered gentleman descriptions of the Abbey, plans of the building, pictors of the Abbey, plans of the building, pictors and armfuls of other With unblushing assurance, tures of the monuments, and armfuls of other plausible stuff, which they feel very confident be has not the courage, in his exhausted condition, to refuse. Of course he buys everything, without much examining the contents, for in his melancholy frame of mind the advertisements of the 'Times,' a week old, would prove a refreshing literary treat. At length, however, the mystical number of seven is made up. The stately keeper slowly rises—unlocks the door—passes us in one by one, that being the most convenient mode of collecting the sixpences-enters himself, and again turns the key. An extraordinary metamorphosis instantly occurs. Our guide assumes an alacrity quite startling, when contrasted with his former torpidity. The man appears to be worked by steam. In his mumbled routine of names, dates, and nonsense, the only distinguishable feature is its haste. He rushes us through chapels, over monuments, and along aisles, without ever pausing for breath, till he has put us out at a gate on the other side, with the satisfied sigh of a man who has just accomplished a very irksome task. This is a visit to Westminster! This it is to bold communion with the illustrious dead! This is the intellectual enjoyment which the English government have considered too delicious to offer to the public gratis."

This is humorously and truthfully narrated, but is not the grievance inherent in the nature of the case? Can historic treasures, as valuable as the tombs of Westminster choir, be safely exposed to a constant and careless throng of sight-seers, if uncontrolled by any supervision? Can explanation of their story be satisfactorily given, except to small groups, and can that explanation, repeated a score of times a day, fail to degenerate into a monotonous drawl? May not the objectionable sixpence itself be a necessary check on the crowd of gaping idlers, who would otherwise pour in? These qualifying considerations might be extended to most of Mr. Ward's grievances. They would show that evils we are prone to regard as indigenous to a nation, are common to the whole human family-that sixpence will be asked where sixpence can be got-that crowds will jostle, and diners gormandize on both sides of the Atlan-*English Items; or, Microscopic Views of England and Lic, and clergymen grow sluggish and selfish in Englishmen. By Matt. F. Ward, author of "Letters from the luxurious parsonages of rich parishes, in the cathedral stalls and palaces of old mother church of England.

LIGHT AND SHADE.*

THE favorable impression made by this lady's "Eastbury," published some years ago, will be well maintained by the present story. Its light and shade are, of course, the vicissitudes of life, variable as the sky of spring-time. In the book, however, as in Nature, sunshine has the best of it: the shadows, indeed, are, from the first, of no great blackness; the writer is tender-hearted to the good people of her story, and we see, even from the troubled outset, that the course of true love is to run smooth at last.

The scene centres in an old English cathedral. One of the leading characters is a chorister boy, with a voice and a face like an angel's, and whose days, occupied with the morning and evening choral service, almost constantly within the walls of the noble temple, pass like an angel's. The conception is a beautiful, if a fanciful one. We have, besides, a brace of heroines, one a titled beauty, the other moving in a humbler sphere, a statesman and a young artist in love with them, and all four are much disquieted by the untoward course of the tender passion, until duly paired off at the end.

We have also a good stock of more humorous characters, as, for example, a single lady, who is troubled with a theory of society, a longing for "woman's rights," and other unfeminine fancies. She, of course, is forty, and, as might with equal certainty be predicted, both as probable effect and cause of her philosophy, quite the reverse of fat or fair. As an offset to this come-outer, we have a fat, pompous old verger of the cathedral, a snail well content with his shell, firmly impressed with the perfection of church and state in general, and the cathedral system in particular. The pair are hit off with much, though occasionally over-strained humor. The other attempts of a similar character, as the young French flibbertigibbet caricaturist, and the Amazonian servant girl, who has so decided objections to " gettin' up stairs," are not equally success-As a whole, the book is a very pleasant one.

EPHEMERA.

WE think that all those piquant specimens of light literature that make their appearance in a thin summer dress of yellow, pink, or blue, may be fairly classed among the ephemera, for however great the merit of the book, its form of publication precludes all chance of promotion to the shelves of the library; and if the volume hold together long enough to be read, it is then exiled to some Siberia of a closet, fated never more to see the light, until employed in making it, by siding in the com-bustion of Anthracite, Cannel, or Liverpool, in kitchen range or parlor grate.

This manner of publication may be fun to the lovers of cheap reading, who purchase a guinea book for a "quarter;" to the travel-

under the voluntary system, as on tithe pige ler, who pockets the pamphlet; and to the publisher who pockets the profits; but it is death to the author. To establish this we need only mention the names of a few books of true merit that have been republished here in the cheap form alone. "The Initials"—one of the best books of its kind for years—"Edward Graham," "The Bachelor of the Albany," "My Uncle the Curate," "The Head of the Family," and many others deserving of a better fate and a more lasting fame, all died off, disappeared, and were heard of no more after a few short months.

We have upon our table some half a dozen of the same genus,—if not the same genius-as the above, all claiming our consideration, and some of them we fear have been ousted from their proper place in the land, by their better dressed brethren.

First, "The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp:" a dashing soldier, with many brilliant points; a harum-scarum fellow, who tells strange tales of wild adventure, and stands well in the graces of his publisher. His only fault is that he does altogether too much for any one man, being by his own account a singular combination of the Chevalier Bayard, Richard of the lion heart, Baron Munchausen, and Sinbad the Sailor.

Here is "Mike Fink,"—we once knew n Mike, who—not this Mike, but t'other Mike, -was a rough, honest, flatboat-man, equally ready for fight or frolie; who drank his glass and kissed his lass, but never thought of rampaging Quixotically over the country, succoring distressed damsels, and mixing himself up with bloody-murder pirates, who conversed in the loftiest kind of English,

Heu quantum mutatus !-- ah, well, it's of no consequence; but flatboat-men on stilts do not appear to advantage.

" Zingra" is a beautiful tale, beautifully told, and deserves a better fate at the hands of our reading world than it will meet. "Captain Blake" is an old friend, and a valued one. It is by far the best of the late Mr. Maxwell's novels, full of fun and fighting, love and liquor,-in fact the very personification of Irish romances.

" Hester Sommerset" is the history of a young lady, who experiences many sommersets-barring bad spelling. A revengeful brother, a stolen heir, villanous plots, the lapse of a family from wealth to a prison, the ascent of a peasant to wealth and position, retribution and recovered fortune, form the staple of a story interesting enough, but not manners of the time of the Restoration, its drama, overly exciting.

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

WE have a couple of Thackeray paragraphs. In commenting, a week or so ago, on the charge brought against the American press, by an article in Fraser's Magazine, on "Thackeray in America," we alluded to the superior liberties, taken, in that line, by our English contemporaries. The following, from one of the last numbers of the London Spectator (Jan. 22), is an illustration of this subject, proving that the English press-for the Spectator is justly considered a most judicious, decorous journal, and is a fair example—takes a liberty of personal comment rarely employed, under similar circumstan-ces, in the United States. In a Speciator article, on the marriage of Louis Napoleon, in which the writer asks, "Is the emperor cold?" and answers "No, but he wears a mask," we have, as illustrations:—

graceful song-writers of the day--a gentleman. delicate in tongue, manner, and frame, as any that could grace a drawing room-the puisthat could grace a drawing room—the puis-sant pugilist, who has taught the drayman to discern the difference between bigness and 'blood'! Look at that still more illustrious, big, smiling, round-faced man, rosy cheeked and grey-haired—an elderly Cupid, 'only not handsome'—blandly surveying all things with an air of pleased quiescence, and say if in him you detect the sharpest satirist which our ongue has known, the most brilliant with the deepest shades, since his uncongenial congenial model, Swift."

Another point of comment, in the Literary World, was the defence of Thackeray's Lectures from an attack in one of the religious newspapers, on the ground of their healthy treatment of such diseased literary specimens as Congreve, and other loose writers of Queen Anne's time. We have this strik. ing remark on this subject, in an article on Mr. Thackeray's lectures, in the Philadelphia North American, which bears the initial of its writer, Mr. W. B. Reed :-

"Everybody knows something about Swift; but of Congreve (of course, the remark has no application to Addison), we undertake to say, and to be thankful for it, too, not one in fifty in Mr. Thackeray's audience knew more about him than that he wrote comedies, full of naughty wit-That Dr. Johnson found but one poetical passage (to my taste, a rather doubtful one) in all his poems—and that a very common quotation, 'Music hath charms to soothe, de,' is be detected, hidden away in one of his tragedies; so far hidden, by-the-by, that few know where to find it. Yet this exhalation, which shot up brightly and is now forgotten, Mr. Thackeray made clear and distinct to our vision. He made it, too, in its brightness, shed light on the dismal scene of depravity around. No pro-fessed moralist ever uttered a sterner or more eloquent condemnation of those times of pestilence, than did Mr. Thackeray, in his brief criticism of the comic dramatists of the Restoration. Mr. Macaulay's denunciation of them-familiar to every reader—'the foreheads of bronze, heads like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell,' is more vehement, but not a jot more impressive, than was that of the novelist the other night.

"In the brief criticism I attempted on the lecture on Swift, I spoke of it as the revelation of the buried city and its inhabitants, with all their signs and emblems of deformity and nastiness hung around them. But last evening, the lecturer, applying the same illustration to the buried and its poetry, gave it a force and beautiful ap-plication which no hearer will soon forget. The skull of the jester in the hand of the traveller, and the form of the dancing girl, left in tre ashes which destroyed her, will live long in the memory of those who listened to Mr. Thackeray's criticism on the manners and morals which Congreve's poems and dramas illustrate."

The notice of Swift, alluded to, is in a previous article in the same journal :-

"With one thing no one could fail being struck: the skill—the careless, and, therefore, graceful skill, with which, in a brief hour, he succeeded in bringing Swift, and such of his cosucceeded in oringing Swiit, and such of his co-temporaries as he pleased to put on canvas, be-fore our eyes, hardly pursuing the narrative form, and jumping from one period to another in those eighty years of volcanic life. It was literally exposing the buried city, showing us how the dead once lived, as well as all the horrid signs and pictures they had hung about them. No one could fail to realize the Dean. It was "Who would detect, in one of the most dress of the times. Its impression was kindred

^{*} Light and Shade; or, the Young Artist. By Anna Harriet Drury. Appleton & Co.

[†] Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp, by James Grant. New York: Stringer & Townsend.
Mike Fink: a Legend of the Ohio, by Emerson Bennett. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James.
Zingra, the Gipsey, by Annette Marie Maitland. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James.
The Adventures of Captain Blake, by W. H. Maxwell. New York: Garrett & Co.
Hester Sommeraet. A Novel, by M. M. Philadelphia: A. Hayt.

to that made a few years ago upon the mind of him who writes these lines, when wending his way through the streets of Dublin, one bright way through the streets of Duoin, one oright May morning, and entering the dingy walls of Swift's own church, his eye lighted on Roubillac's great bust of the Dean, perched up on high, frowning with his heavy brow over those marble, sightless orbs, and the fierce inscription beneath, and close by Stella's actual grave and epitaph. I had never thought of these creatures of books and traditions as realities before. That bust lives in my memory to this moment; and Mr. Thackeray made me, and every one else who heard him, believe in these beings of the past as if one had personally known them. No one who has read 'Henry Esmond' could doubt how rich must be the writer's treasury of this sort of knowledge; but it was proved the other evening how charming it could be made even without the aid of fiction.

"Had Mr. Thackeray thought of it, he might have given another scene which has a local attraction, besides the one in the Queen's antechamber. I mean where Swift, in his Journal chamber. I mean where Swit, in his variation to Stella, describes his forcing his way into Harley's dining room, and finding there 'Will. Penn, the Quaker' (our steady William), and sitting down with him and drinking good wine for twice two hours. Or, had he been disposed to wantwo hours. Or, had he been disposed to wan-der into imaginings, what a theme would have been Swift's possible career as 'Bishop of Vir-ginia,' had the Whigs of 1707 carried out their wish of thus transporting him. These, however, were American applications of his theme, which, naturally enough, did not occur to the lecturer."

A relic of the poet Campbell, the autograph of his valedictory address, in 1827, to the students of Glasgow University, of which he was Lord Rector, is printed in one of our English exchanges. It has its interest for one or two points characteristic of the manliness of the poet. He says of the spirit of emulation :-

"It is so high among you that, if I were able, I would not wish to raise it higher. 'The touching fact has even reached me, that some promising young men of your number have injured their health by excessive application to study. To this circumstance, affecting as it is, let me not seem hard-hearted in saying, that we ought not to attach too much importance, for it is impossible to adapt any great emulous system of education to every delicate constitution; and I should be slow to abstain from throwing over juvenile talent those honorary splendors that brighten its green shoots and foster them into bloom. At the same time, emulation itself may be wound up to too high a pitch; and the very benefits intended by degrees and honors may be defeated, by rendering them of too difficult at-

"If it be true that at the Southern Universities, cases annually occur of in lividuals being ties, cases annually occur of in lividuals being plunged into a state of insanity by the horrors of failure in obtaining Academic distinctions, I beg. with all my unfeigned respect for those illustrious bodies, to be pardoned for suspecting that they carry the high-pressure system of competition a little too far. Disappointment should be made to pass over the field of youthful study like the rolling stone, to promote, and not to eradicate, vegetation. Let us invoke renown, but let us stand before her with an erect and but let us stand before her with an erect and manly spirit, and not convert her superstitiously into a Juggernaut Idol, that is to crush under its wheels the very life-blood of the prostrate wor-

The invigorating rural employments of the vacation are urged with warmth:—

"At the close of your labors, all of you owe it to yourselves that you should give a jubilee to your buoyant spirits and social affections, and that, liberated from care, you should return to

home-felt delights, to sportive exercises, and exhilarating rustic excursions. When tasks are

'Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?'

Go forth, then, under the smile of summer, and enjoy the native vigor of your limbs among the hills of our native land, breathing the freshness of her air, and la-tening to the pleasant din of her floods, or to the melody of her birds and her pastoral music. And what land is more lovable they care able than our own, for streams that murmur poetry to our thoughts, and for scenes of tradi-tional endearment and romantic association endearment and romantic associations. Amongst those scenes, let manly and active exercise rebrace your health, refresh your facul-ties, exalt your imaginations, and make you sanguine and high metalled to cope for the bonors, and to scorn the difficulties of life."

And a healthful interest in public affairs:

"Imagine not that I would incite you to be precocious politicians. No, my young friends, it is because I have been struck with the modest and reserved sensibility of Scotland's youth as a peculiarly national virtue, and one in which we may read more true pride than in the most boisterous effervescence of spirit, that I am free from all apprehension of a certain share of early interest in the welfare of your country, ever tainting with arrogance your native discretion. There is no earthly community of character be-tween the political mannikin, and the student soberly but zealously seeking to form instructed opinions on public matters. To a young man travelling through a country, I should never dream of recommending his wasting his eyesight in prying through a spyglass at dim and distant objects. On the other hand, I should be as far from forbidding him to note the courses of rivers and the bearings of mountains, and to study the main features of the scene.

"In like manner, though I would by no means wish a youth to rack his thoughts with Political Problems, I should be sorry to see him without an interest in the grand and general outline of

public events.

"But, to make this interest useful, you in your manhood must seek early for that knowledge which, when acquired, neither fears nor frets at contradiction, but enables its possessor calmly to smile at angry wranglers ignorant of their subject, as at the story of the Italian cavaliers who rushed to mortal combat in disputing for the honor of Dante and Ariosto, neither of whose works either of them had read."

A LETTER from the poet Tennyson, in the London Spectator, clears up the alleged plagiarism of a poem in Poe's collection, brought forward by a writer in that journal:

"Sin—I have just seen the supplement to your paper of the 1st of January, and the letter of your correspondent who signs himself 'G. D.R.'
I am not the author of the lines which he attributes to me; and I have no doubt that both the poems quoted in your correspondent's communication are by the same author, Edgar A. Poe.
One is, in fact, but a variety of the other.
"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A. TENNYSON."

The Australian Captive, or an Authentic Narrative of Fifteen Years in the Life of William Jackman, is the story of an English sailor who, after many run-away adventures in Van Diemen's Land and elsewhere, is one day shipwrecked on the coast of New Holland, and gets into captivity among the cannibal tribes of the interior. The adventurer, still a young man, now hails from the western part of the United States, and his story is communicated to the public by the Rev. J. Chamberlayne, of Lyndonville, N. Y., who

vouches for the general credibility of the narrator. The story is plainly told, and has, in its recollection of sailor life, the penal regulations of Australia, notices of animal life. and the manners of the savages, an air of reality. An appendix contains, with other matters, an account of the Australian Gold Discoveries.

A Hero, and Other Tales, by the author of "Olive" (Harpers). This volume contains three short stories by one of the best novelists of the earnest school of Miss Bronte and Mrs. Marsh. The first is a story for children, but not a childish story, for it may and will be read with pleasure by young as by old. The hero is a boy, but a true hero; and the story, related by a bachelor uncle to a group of nephews and nieces, is designed to show that heroism is not a matter dependent on age or sex, high or low birth; that the hero is not, ex officio, girt with a sword; nor is it essential that he slaughter others, or be slaughtered himself. To those who have read "Olive," we need not say how earnestly the writer works out the true idea of heroism. "Bread upon the Waters; a Governess's Life," is the title of the second story, and is sufficiently descriptive to convey an idea of its spirit. "Alice Learmont" closes the volume. In this the scene is laid in Scottish cottage life, and some of the fairy folk are introduced to carry on a pleasant, although rather grave story.

Heroines of History is the title of a popular presentation of the lives of such memorable lady worthies as Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and others of whom the public is not easily wearied, the preparation of which was commenced by John S. Jenkins, and left was commenced by John S. Jenkins, and counfinished at his death. The publishers, Messrs. Alden, Beardley & Co., Auburn, pronarrative is lively and effective for the purpose, and will keep warm the popular heart in the knowledge of these chivalric ladies.

Bartlett, Cambridge, has published a translation by James E. Teschemacker, of Stockhardi's Chemical Field Lectures for Agriculturists, in which the important secrets of chemical wealth, waiting the hand of the farmer, are treated in a beautifully lucid and scientific manner. The author's motto has been, for his agricultural lectures in Germany, "the abandonment of dogmatical learning, precepts, and, as far as possible, scientific names, by studying to explain his views in a simple and intelligible manner, and by placing the practical knowledge and experience of farmers in the foreground, permitting science only to shed its light thereon, and by its help elucidate and explain the grounds and principles on which they are founded." The translator is himself an original author in this department, the care of whose labor, upon any work by the author of the "Principles of Chemistry," will be gratefully accepted by the public.

The Schoolfellow is a little monthly, published by C. M. Saxton; it is filled with interesting reading of varied character, and well suited to the circulation it aims at: altogether it is one of the neatest and most carefully managed publications of the kindwe have encountered. When we mention that Mrs. Alice B. Neal is the editor, the

well done.

Waverley Novels; Illustrated Library Edition. S. H. Parker & B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.-In steady succession, the volumes of this, the most convenient and practical edition of the Romantic Works of Walter Scott, issue from the publishers, each printed in legible type, suited to the eye of all ages,—with characteristic illustrations—substantially bound and with ample glossary, notes, and all the other equipments necessary to a full enjoyment of these admirable and standard books.

The recent volumes are "Count Robert of Paris," "Castle Dangerous," and "Tales of a Grandfather." "Tales of a Grandfather—second series." The same—third series, and also the fourth series-a panorama of entertainment and instruction without rivalry in modern literature. The thanks of the reading public, in all quarters of the country, will welcome heartily this acceptable enterprise. Many libraries, which have, up to this, "gaped" for a cheap and at the same time permanent edition of the Waverley Novels, will now make haste to have the "aching rold" appropried. void " supplied.

The new number of the Westminster Review for January is well stored with articles likely to attract attention from the novelty or boldness of their treatment. There are several American articles, one on American Slavery, with Uncle Tom's Cabin for a text, the tone of which towards the Southern institution may cariously be contrasted with the indulgent view taken in another paper of the absurdities and barbarisms of Mormonism. The Review evidently treats the disgusting imbecilities of Joe Smith and his followers as a welcome and telling reductio ad absurdum of the sublime articles of the Christian faith. This is what the Review says of the unhumanizing practice of polygamy, now avowed by an organ of the sect at Washington:

"No doubt the condition of woman is one of the dark spots in the ecclesiastical civilization of Christendom. She has not been recognised by the theology of the Christian Church as a complete person, the equal or equivalent of man-only as a fraction of a person, and convevient as a helpmate to the stronger bodied por-tions of the human race. But the Mormons, in their theory, as in their practice, degrade woman more than any of the Christian sects at this day.

So it appears from the Westminster Review, that the licentiousness of polygamy is simply a question of more or less injury to woman between the cruelties of Mormonism, and the practice of Christianity

Here is another specimen of the insulting and unscrupulous impudence of this Review:

"The question has often been asked, 'Will the Federal Government allow an individual State to tolerate and legalize polygamy? This ques tion will hardly present a new issue in the United States; for in half of the Union not only is polygamy a fixed fact in the institutions of the country, but the raising of women for sale is a thriving branch of business."

But enough of this. There is a generally well written article on Daniel Webster, which we should much have preferred to find in better company, in the North American Review, as it is mostly from the pen of our acute and eloquent countryman, Mr. E. P. Whipple,

public will understand that the work must be whose talents we confess we grudge to see even incidentally giving strength to the gross libels on America of the Westminster; and it is also due to Mr. Whipple, to state, as his name has been previously mentioned in con-nexion with the article, that it appears mate-rially changed from his MS. by the con-ductors of the Review. It has been changed by omissions, and the insertion of new mat-ter and opinions never entertained by the writer. It was written before Mr. Webster's death, and is made to appear as having been written subsequently.

> Graham's Magazine for March adapts itself to the tastes and improvements of the day. The fashion plate is dropped, and in place of the washy mezzotints and scratched line and stipple, we have a well selected series of creditably executed, legitimate wood cuts. The literature is from favorite American sources, with an additional number of pages filled from the best English Magazines. This foreign matter might, perhaps, be better omitted, and its place supplied by timely, judicious articles on practical American subjects. The literary department of the magazine, in its critical notices, has always been well sustained.

A LATIN HYMN. Editors of the Literary World:

You have had, lately, several excellent ver-sions of that fine old Latin hymn, the Dies Irc. Many think that the publication of those truly catholic lyrids is the best method of drawing back the minds of men from the vapid strains of a Watts, or the spiritual sentimentalities of a Wesley or a Montgomery, to the rich mine of sacred poetry to be found in the old hymns of the Church.

I send you, therefore, a Latin hymn which has not lately been printed; at least, it can-not be found, I think, in any very modern publication. And yet it seems to possess something of the same merit, and to breathe the same catholic spirit as others of the class. It may not exhibit the majesty of the Dies Ira, nor the pathos of the Stabat Mater; still, there is, we think, a calm, beautiful, heavenly-mindedness, or spirituality, in the thought, making it worthy to be compared with the more lauded and more frequently printed productions of the kind, whilst in melodious smoothness of versification it might even be thought to surpass them.

It will be seen that, like others of the class, it presents the monkish accentual rhythm, instead of the regular classical prosodial measures. There may be found, too, some defeets in its Latinity as compared with the Horatian standard; but, when seen from the right point of view, these mediaval simplicities of expression may be regarded as actually possessing a beauty which is foreign to the classical and uncatholic strictness. It is to be hoped that some of your readers who have been so successful in translating the Stabat Mater will try their hand upon an English version of this fine old sacred lyric. Yours, &c.,

> SUAVE semper, O quam suave, Deus meus Dominus, Nomen tuum adorare-Celebrare cantibus; Gratiam docere tuam Veniente lumine, Atque tuam veritatem Inumbrante vespere.

Suave tempus consecratum Spiritus ad requiem; Nil molestum meum pectus Agitet mortalium. O si vere, sicut olim Davidis psalteria, Sancto cum concentu laudis Consonans sit auima.

111. Cor triumphans jubilabit Laudibus in Domini; Ejus verbo benedicens, Benedicens operi. Acta tua gratiæ plena, Quam resplendent gloriå! Quam profunda,—quam Divino, Tua sunt consilia!

Scelerati contemplantur-Nulla tam sublimia; Sic viventes, morientes Sicut animalia, Valde florent, donec eos Ira tua fervida Sempiternæ condemnarit Mortis in supplicia.

At parata gloriosa Mihi est hereditas, Quum purgârit amor tuus Corda mea penitus; Quumque fuerit perfusus Fons perennis gratiæ, Sicut oleum sacratum Capitis lætitiæ.

Illic oculus videbit, Illic mens intelliget, Omnia quie nunc in terris Anima desideret; Totæ spiritusque vires O quam suavi studio!-Ejus mundi perfruentur Sempiterno gaudio.

PASSAGES IN ADVANCE FROM FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From a work in press, by H. Hooker, Philadelphia. ent iled, "A Choice of Evits; on, Thirteen Years is the South," by a Northern Man.

SOUTHERN SLAVERY A MISSIONARY INSTITU-TION.

ALLow it then to be asked of the Christian who duly prizes this highest freedom, to consider of Southern Slavery as a Missionay Institution for the conversion of the heathen. In this light let it be candidly looked on for a passing moment, and you cannot fail to contemplate it, for ever hereafter, with other feelings than abolitionism would excite in you.

But, that you may be able to judge, un-derstandingly, of the missionary character of African slavery in our country, you must first learn something of what other efforts have been made, and are being made, to Christianize heathens.

At an expense of more than FIVE MILLIONS of dollars, and of many valuable lives, in the course of more than fifty years, all the missionary societies of our country, of all denominations, are able to recken up in gross, some fifty thousand converted heathen, in various parts of the world. If, as we will rejoice in hoping, they are truly emaneipated from the slavery of heathen idolatry and superstition, and made free indeed, it is a great and blessed work. May it go on, and without into fraing with own home duties. out interfering with our home duties.

southern slavery has done in this depart-ment of Christianizing the pagan portion of

There may be some hundred thousand, or more, of the present race of southern slaves, who come from Africa, involved in the deepest darkness of a brutal paganism;—many of them even cannibals. And still, in heathenism, did I never yet find one of that old race : but very many of them have I known, who were rejoicing in the truth that made them free. Among them, indeed, I have found some of the most spiritually minded persons that it has ever been my lot to meet, in any condition of life. Many of them have since gone; and daily are they going to the "rest

that remaineth for the people of God."

Would they have become Christians in their own land? I ask not an answer. God

knoweth.

But what of the field of the faith now among the slaves of the South? How many are partaking of, and rejoicing in, its fruits?

Fifty thousands, or more?

As many as all the missionary societies and boards of missions in our whole country, can reckon up converts from heathenism?

Aye, more than double that number can be claimed as converts, by each of the several churches of our country; and, from authentic accounts and various statistics, now before me, I have good reason to suppose, that more than half a million of the slaves of our South are regular members of Christian congregations; while of infidel heathens, properly so called, there are, probably, very few, if

What a contrast is here presented! Foreign missionary zeal, at great cost and personal sacrifice, has rescued from heathenism about the tenth part of the number that southern slavery has added to the Christian church; at the same time that, of the dead and the living, it has rescued from heathenism, not fewer than a hundred times the whole number of foreign converts!

Let these facts stand by themselves, for more easy examination and scrutiny.

PLEASURES OF SLAVERY.

Is it a paradox? We shall see.

By the millions of the North it may be considered as paradoxical to speak of the pleasures of slavery; and by fifteen thousand men, and a somewhat greater number of women, it may be denounced as a very gross absurdity. We shall see.

It is not more remarkable than true, that the most, if not all, of good-natured and candid travellers, and sojourners in the southern portion of our great republic, speak of the slaves as enjoying more of contentment and pleasure than do people in other conditions of life. And such is undoubtedly the fact. That some of them run away, is no more of an argument against their general content-ment, than it is an argument against the general contentment of the people of New England, that they sell and leave their pleasant homes to dare the horrors of a voyage round the Horn, Isthmian fever, or assassination; or an overland journey to California, in search of gold, and mark the miles with graves and bones instead of mile-stones and guide posts.

But not so much of the contentment of the slave as his pleasure—his joyous pleasure,—something of a higher order than mere con-

Look now at what the institution of tentment, am I now to speak. The southfaithful subjection to a benignant and protecting power, and that visible to his senses, he leans upon it in complete and sure confidence; as the trusting child holds on to the hand of his father, and passes joyously along the thronged and jostling way, where he would not dare to be left alone. The poor free negro, like the child alone in the tumultuous throng, with no hand to lead and proteet him, is usually sad and melancholy. Not so the slave of a good master. His are the thoughts that make glad the heart of the cared-for child, led by paternal hand.

The abolitionists say, they are thoughtless, and therefore gay and joyous. If they mean this literally, then are they greatly in error. Of deeply corroding and distracting thoughts, such as make lunatics of multitudes of the free negroes of the North, and not a few of the white races, they may be said to be thoughtless. Generally they have none of these to depress their cheerful and laughing spirits. To have to chew the cud of bitter thought, most rarely befalls them. They have not to think and be anxious about what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed; or kept from the horrors of pinching frost, when the cold winter comes; or how it may fare with them in the winter of old age, when they can no longer work.

None of these things, which make sad and sorrowful the days, and horrible the nights, of the poor of other lands, ever disturb their minds. How great a contrast between the two conditions in this respect! And hence, of all people in the world, the pleasures of the southern slaves seem, as they really are,

most unalloyed.

With a visible power to depend on for protection and support, perhaps no other human condition whatsoever can be a more happy one than that of good and virtuous servants to good and virtuous masters and mistresses. At their easy tasks, and in the enjoyment of their varied pleasures, their thoughts are not of anxious cares, but of how happy they

NIGHT THOUGHTS. FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIES GREN.

WHEN,-o'er city and o'er plain, The quiet starlight's shed When, from the market and the square, The noisy crowd hath fled: How fondly then my footsteps roam Along the vacant street: I love to hear low echoing sounds Of solitary feet.

The town is like vast battle field That lies all still and drear, The little passions meet in strife And wage their warfare here; But o'er the scene the shades of night Their death-like shadows throw And naught, save dreams and spirit forms, Are wandering to and fro.

Stars in you blue vault are twinkling; Each one that meets our sight Some human heart its favorite calls Showers on it dreams of light; When the world in slumber's wrapt,

This labor they pursue—
For me my gently shining star
This day hath naught to do.

Heaven sprinkle stars upon us, Earth fill, in every part, Sow them dense, like golden seed, Within the slumberer's heart;

So that on the bright'ning morrow Blossoms of silvery dream, Richly growing in the day-light, Like luscious fruit may seem!

Hear the spattering of the water, The fount, how silvery bright! The flowers that on the windows stand Send odors through the night. From balcony, the nightingale Pours out her wonted song-To me 'twould seem as if I roamed The leafy woods among.

Over fount and rosy odors, The nightingale's soft lays, Over dome and over palace, The pale moon casts her rays Tis a thought, like sacred Freedom's, That shineth light and clear Oh! that such thoughts might long endure And never disappear. J. H.

BOULTON, Pa., Feb. 1853.

MAGINNIANA, No. 2. THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN.

In days of yore, there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice,—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform,"but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou

may'st do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins,—"I want not thy labor for nothing.

I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," cried the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see, when it occasionally brightened, that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgaye him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had foller also and stood he his side.

fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if
thus thou sportest with the grey hairs of age,
thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who
insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a fes-tival in every house. The streets were full tival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces-they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin*. He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too, the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively-almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from her eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been, imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that

speakest to me thus?" "I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a Doctor of the Laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself.

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady," all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and so long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and perse-

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the

mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying:—

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon,
"I will not that thou shouldst break thy
vow:" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and day, weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said:—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow;" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said:—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered:—

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so, then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon—"take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."
"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labors of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would

make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Joehonan refused again: and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a earbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then. I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced, was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

journey, and he gazed upon them intently.
"What dost thou see," said the Demon,
"that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he
who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty
iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand;—"thou may'st depart. But Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the wi-

dow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said: "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" -And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred, ninety and seven, that thou may'st learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

THE PULPIT IN THE UNITED STATES. [From the New York Daily Times.]

AMERICAN literature has neglected our pulpit. Among its omissions-its national omissions-this has been one of its capital faults: and it is the more remarkable from the fact that our countrymen seem to have an instinctive veneration for pulpit effort. Nowhere are the churches better attended than in the United States. Ministerial talent, character, and influence are warmly appreciated. Everybody is a critic on such subjects. tokens which our children give of their critical tendencies are in the shape of some remarks on the Sunday sermon. Get among a number of mechanics on Monday, and you are sure to hear the preacher discussed. The habit is general to talk about religious discourses, but the newspapers are ordinarily silent, so are the "reviews," on this great

topic.

There is a historic interest about the American pulpit, that we should like to see brought out in a volume of " Annals." It is a magnificent field, and the wonder is that no one has undertaken to occupy its inviting soil. Alone, it would form the basis of a "national litera-Sketches of Mather, Elliot, Brainerd, ture." Edwards, Mason, Hill, Balch, Lee, Asbury, Snethen, Moore, Jarrett, Whitfield, Summerfield, Bascom, and a host of others, all connected with their respective periods, accompanied by a description of the country, and all matters of local interest, would make material enough to charm the publishers of an encyclopædia. And then the anecdotes of their toils and dangers, the trials of to-day and the triumphs of to-morrow: the closet-life of the thinkers, and the wilderness life of the actors, their ways of preaching, and the thousand other things that give so much attraction to the realities of their experience; what a fund for some Southey's "Book of the Church!"

Americans need several new classes of

Americans need several new classes of writers. One of these classes is all that we can now mention: a class of men who shall blend the moral, religious, social, and political facts

of our history, and deduce from them the true philosophy of our character and progress. Men they must be of large and many-sided views, of Catholic spirit, of rich culture, of bountiful parts, who can carry out the creed of Christianity, per se, and show its beautiful adaptations to humanity. If we had such writers as Foster, Taylor of Stanford Rivers, Arnold of Rugby, or Chalmers of Scotland. we should soon have a commanding religious literature. As yet our capital has been locked up in sectarian vaults, or circulated only in its own denomination. We are waiting for something wider, more generous, and broader in its scope. Histories of the churches are useful and valuable, but they are not the thing needed just now. Whether we see it or not, Christianity is operating outside of all the churches, penetrating art, science, philosophy. politics, as it never did before. All this Rationalism, Communism, and the like, only prove, by their antagonism, that the New Testament religion is infusing itself into something more than Bridgewater Treatises and Hulsean Lectures. It is going abroad into everything. Like the light, it will be seen in the opal, the sapphire, the pearl, the diamond, as well as in the star, the moon, the sun.

The theory of the American pulpit is, that Christianity depends on it as its main earthly instrument. It is the chief means in that system of divine and human cooperation that Providence has seen fit to establish, and hence it ought to be regarded as a power of the first importance. If the humblest view be taken of it, what a moral and intellectual influence must be extended by several thousands of men, communicating their best thoughts under the best circumstances, on the holiest day of the seven! Looking at it in this respect, we can find a key to some peculiarities in our history that are not properly Why are American women understood. evidently destined to operate through literature on the world? What is training so many more of them in the arts of speaking and writing than we see in other countries? Now, our idea is, after examination and reflection, that the pulpit has been the efficient cause of this promising womanly development, One who looks into their books is surprised to find so much pulpit matter worked out, like gold leaf, into lighter forms. Nor is this strange. The Sunday service is the most common and agreeable mode of stimulating female intellect. They always take home more of the sermon than the other sex. They cherish the good thought; they remember the bold figure, or the touching allusion ; and, by the law of their nature, whatever is acquired through benevolent agencies, in kindred channels will be reproduced. Women must express the truths that affect them : and hence, wherever there is a powerful pulpit to excite their minds they will form a literature. We will venture to vouch for Amelia, Fanny Forrester, and others. Everywhere in the female literature of this country we trace the trains of thought that were derived from the pulpit. But beyond this we see other effects. Did the editor of the Times ever think that the "stump-speaking" of this land was literally taken from Methodist preachers? This is as "true as preaching." That direct, careless, easy style of speaking; that way of talking to the people in the people's language; that effective method of making an anecdote or incident carry a great sentiment; that social spirit which gives out its magnetism, and all the nerve, muscle,

and blood of our popular oratory—it came from these same Methodist preachers. Do you not believe it, Mr. Editor? I assure you of the certainty. Do you know how William Wirt used to weep under these earnest, homely, and impassioned men; how Henry Clay was wont to admire Henry Bascom; how George Cookman was accustomed to thrill the crowded auditories of the "Hall of the House," and the splendid genius of Thomas H. Stockton enchanted the hundreds who in that same hall met, Sabbath after Sabbath, to listen to his stirring eloquence? Take two extremes of this class-Lorenzo Dow and John Summerfield. The one was all eccentricity, the other all beauty. They attracted the largest congregations; they moved the multitude. How often have we seen the image of these men, faintly indeed, but still the image, in all sorts of speakers! They demonstrated what could be done out of doors. They brought forth the logic of a circumstance, a story, a narrative. The politicians were very fond of hearing them, and they went away saying, "We will do like-

There are various other departments in which the American pulpit has exerted a controlling influence. Educational subjects, benevolent institutions, and patriotic occasions may be specified. In all of these the talent of the pulpit has been rendered available. It is no exaggeration to say that ministers have determined our style of popular thought on these great questions; and whatever stability there has been in American opinions respecting them, has been largely owing to the moral temper with which they have inspired them. Taken, then, in its lowest range of action, our pulpit has been of inestimable service to the common mind of the country. Where there has been intellectual culture, it has stimulated it to further growth; where there has been none, it has measurably supplied the office of the schoolmaster. along the Western and Southwestern frontier the preacher has had to be newspaper as well as divine, not seldom carrying the neighborhood mails, the sole medium of communication between different settlements.

If the higher view of the pulpit be considered, what an agency is that which addresses the immortal mind in direct reference to its immortal love or fear; which speaks to it in behalf of the voice it must hear for ever; which contends with conscience in a struggle with sense, and demands the submission of reason to the one pure and perfect revelation! The world is open to its eye; its hand can be laid upon the heart. There is nothing that may not be pressed into its service. The re-sources of Omnipotence are at its command. With infinite truth to teach, and infinite power to aid, what wonders ought it not to accomplish!

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. KRAITSIR'S GLOSSOLOGY.

To the Editors of the Literary World :-

Gentlemen,—Having been induced to read a book lately published, which is entitled "Glossology, or the Nature of Language," by Charles Kraitsir, M. D., and being struck by the originality of many of his opinions, while I have not observed that the work has been noticed by any critic, except in a very superficial manner, I have ventured, with due diffidence, to offer a few remarks on the subjects of which he treats. These, with a synopsis of the more important parts of

the work, will, I trust, be not unacceptable to your readers, for Dr. Kraitsir's book is not very your readers, for Dr. Kraitsir's book is not very inviting on merely glancing at the contents, and consequently will be read by comparatively few. In his preface he says, "Only minds accustomed to masticate the food offered to them in the infinite realm of creation will find the style obscure in some parts." I certainly found many rather tough bits in it, which must be set down to my want of practice in the aforesaid mastica-tion. It is not so much on account of its being too learned, as one critic says, nor from the "great compression" to which the writer pleads guilty, but it is rather its extreme verbosity which makes it obscure. He coins words for which there is no necessity (apparently to be thought original), and piles synonyms on each other at a fearful rate.

The single aim of this book appears to be the promulgation of the following theory. The author divides the letters of our alphabet, as usual, into vowels and consonants. The consonants he calls articulate, the vowels musical. The consonants, or articulate letters, he divides into four orders, viz., labials, gutturals, lingual-dentals, and liquids. He ignores the hissing sound of e, the soft sound of g, and the consonant sounds of j and y, proving pretty clearly that these are of comparatively modern invention. He then, by arranging the whole alphabet in five perpendicular, or seven horizontal columns, makes it appear that the various orders of letters are not placed at random in our alphabet, but methodically disposed in a manner which fixes the value of each letter and shows their analogies. This, to be under-stood, must be seen in his table. But the more peculiar views of the author are to come, and these we will give, for the most part, in his own

He says (page 161), "We observe three categories in our ideas, and in the phenomenon of Nature, yet so that they are also bifid; viz.:—

"First (1), Cause, in.

Effect, out; which is again either (2), — Moving, living, effect, or (3), — Standing, dead, dormant, Second .

effect.

"There are three groups of sounds corresponding to these categories:

(1), Gutturals, symbols of cau-se, ge-t, gai-n, ha-ve, &c. (2), Labials, symbols of move-ment, lif-e, ru-n, flo-w, &c.

Second (3), Dentals, symbols of death, st-and, dor-mant, sad, &c.

"The Liquids have no category of their own, but act as filters for the Labials and Dentals, which classes, with the Gutturals, are the three strings, as it were, on which the voice performs language."

This he more fully explains below. I

abridge considerably, but preserve the author's

phraseology.
"The Gutturals, as their name signifies, are the threat or Guttur. The Guttur is the first sluice through which the voice pass It is the hindmost, internal, hidden, vertical, most complicated, most compact (but not stony as the teeth), of the organs of speech. It communicates both with the mouth, or lower passage, and with the nose, or upper passage of the voice; it is nearest the heart and brain; most important to life: and situated at the break of the current of the voice from the vertical into the horizontal direction. Gutturality of sound betokens, therefore, whatever is vertical, connected, internal, secret, compact, angular, circonnected, internal, seerer, compact, angular, circular, &c., &c.; in short, guttur-like. For example, knee, gnaw, ancle, chin, knife, neck, corner, cry, give, coil, hall, together, &c., &c.

"The Labials are produced by the lips, which are the last sluice which intercepts the voice.

The lies are in foot of the face external visit.

The lips are in front of the face, external, visi-ble, horizontal, two, not complicated as much as

the threat, soft, pulpy, palpitating. The labials therefore betoken the following phenomena and things. The secondary or tertiary, the level or horizontal, the broad, wide, parallel, moving

horizontal, the broad, wide, parallel, moving, visible, effected, mealy, superficial, palpable, meeting, &c., &c. Examples; flock, fleet, bolt, be, fall, fail, liver, flirt, &c., &c."

The dentals are produced by the teeth with the aid of the tongue. "Dentes, teeth, are thirty-two separated, set, stony, standing steles, hedging in the tongue, which is rooted at g, and edged all round its limb by t. All that is sterile, stale, tight, severed, stable, tedious, devoid of stale, tight, severed, stable, tedious, devoid of motion or life is symbolized by dental sameds." motion or life, is symbolized by dental sounds." Example; steady, staring, stiff, dead, still, dim, dull, dreary, dark, dense, &c., &c.

"But what is the meaning of all that?" some will say, "and how is it applied to the study of language?" It is difficult to divine (among so language?" It is difficult to divine (among so much verbiage) what the author means, but as far as I can understand it; the idea is this. If the meaning of any word, English or foreign, be wanted, do not turn up the word in your dictionary, but dissect it into as many parts as there are consonants in it, and according as those con-sonants may be guttural, labial, or dental, so is the meaning of the word to be determined. It is also intended to demolish the old system of etymology, the very name even, and to find the any word by its germ. Germs are those radical consonants or combinations of consonants which determine the sense of any word. Some words have nearly as many germs as they have consonants. To find the germ, take a simple word, which is always a monosyllable, though not all monosyllables are simple. Straight we will take for example. I will quote verbatim.

"Straight is a super compound of the germs st, r, g, t. It is, at the same time, a sort of contradictor to itself, an emblem of stability and mobility, of connexion and separation. How? Thus: St denotes want of movement, constancy, here not an absolute stop, but a constant reaching, k betokens movement from the starting point g, i. e., extension to the tip of the tongue, which rattles it, from the root of the We have thus an image of a real line, or length, or reach, range, rack, L. reg-o, dirig-o. This right is rendered st-able or constant by the prefix st. But what is the final t. Nothing but the formative or grammatic function of supinifying (allow the word to pass!) or tripping up of the running streak, or streach, into the grammatic turtle (tortoise, L. testudo) yclept supinum, and participium, gerundium. In other words the living, running verb (through moods, tenses, numbers, persons) is, so to say, thrown on its back, and ceases to run as a verb; since it has become what is called a noun. Hence straight is a participle part of the two verbs sto and reg-o, soldered together."

Kick is treated in the same way. "Kick = act + act = go + go, i. e., cause another thing to go, to become an agent itself (similar to Fr. 'faire faire une chose.'")

These instances will suffice. The Doctor gives, in the last chapter, headed "Words and idioms," several lists of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, and other words, in order to how the metamorphoses that most letters have undergone in the formation of those tongues that are modern from those that are ancient. In the chapter headed "Sounds and Letters," which precedes those on "Germs" and "Words and Idioms," he gives "a succinct history of Writing," which relates more particularly to all the various alphabets which have been used since the flood, and their respective merits. The two first chapters and the introduction (we go backwards, but that is the best way to read the book) are filled with abuse of schoolmasters, professors, colleges, spelling books, grammars, and the whole system of education in general.

My opinion of the whole subject is this; the

worthy Doctor has allowed his hobby to get the better of him; he has lost the reins and is carried away at a break-neck speed, he does not know where. The examples that are brought to support his theory are in most cases very doubtful. At best they are but coincidences. Anything could be proved in the same way. One of his etymologies rather militates against his scheme, as it shows it to be not infallible. Cabal he brings from the initial letters of the names of he brings from the initial letters of the names of five ministers of Charles IL, when it is well known that that was merely an anagram on their initials, which formed a word already well their initials, which formed a word already well known, and which was appropriate to their ad-ministration in its known acceptation. But I will leave the subject for those who are more qualified to deal with it.

Yours truly,

ECOSSAIS.

Toronto, Dec. 28th, 1852.

As a fitting pendant to this communication we add the following:—

KRAITSIE versus LITERARY FILIBUSTERS

MESSES EDITORS,—In a late original publica-tion by Dr. Kraitsir of this city, there is a direct and specific charge made against the honesty of the translators of Kühner's Latin and Greek Grammar; I quote the passage:

Kuehner is one among many grammarians ive the genuine mode of pronouncing Do you know, reader, what is done with who give the genuine mode of their admonitions? They are either left out or altered by the filibusteros who steal the labors of their mind, in order to deceive those from whom they intend nothing else than to pick money. This was done in the case of Ains-worth's Thesaurus; this is done with all other good and honest works; this is done and is being done with Kuehner's Latin and Greek Grammars In his Greek Grammar lately published at Andover, and in the Latin at Boston, he is made to belie his own convictions; the chapters on pronunciation being accommodated to the prevailing errors of the English and American schools. Theft from the author, and poison to the dupe who pays for being sent on a fool's errand! This is the common practice of publishers and scho-lastic pilferers, in this best of all republics."— Kraitsir's Glossology, p. 42.

This I call pretty straightforward, without at all mincing the matter. Is the charge true? For one among many who have used these admiade works of Kuehner, and for the good nane of the American translators, I call upon then to show either that Dr. Kraitsir is a slandere, or that they have indeed done the great wrong to the author and the student with which they here stand charged. J. A. S.

New York, Jan. 10th, 1853.

OBITUARY.

Mr. William Peter, a scholar and man of letters, formerly a member of the British par-liament, and for the last twelve years British consul in Philadelphia, died in that city on the evening of Monday, the 7th inst. Mr. Peter was descended from an ancient and honorable family in Cornwall, and was born in 1789. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. After a few years he returned to his native county, settling down at the seat of his forefathers, and dividing his time between literary and domestic pleasures, and the discharge of those magisterial and other duties attached to the life of an English English country gentleman. Being a zealous whig, however, of the Somers and Fox school, he was at length induced to enter the House of Commons, where, during the few years in which he remained a member of that body, he had the antisfection of contributing to the final had the satisfaction of contributing to the final triumph of many of those great principles and measures, in the successful advocacy of which he had, by his speeches and writing, long borne

a conspicuous part in his own immediate neighborhood. Withdrawing from Parliament, he spent nearly three years on the continent, holding for a portion of this time a consular appointment, and he improved his opportunities of association with eminent persons by forming many intimate associations with the most distinguished contemporary wits and men of learning. In 1840, he was appointed Her Britannic Majesty's consul for Pennsylvania, and he has since resided in Philadelphia. He was married about seven years ago to one of the most distinguished women in American society, Mrs. King, (daughter of Governor Worthington of Ohio, and daughter-in-law of the Hon. Rufus King of New York,) and in the private life of Philadelphia there have been few greater attractions in this period, than were offered by his genial conversation, eminently rich in reminiscences of celebrated persons, in criticism, and sensible observations on affairs and the chief subjects of every-day speculation. Mr. Peter was a thoroughly edu-cated man of letters, and, besides numerous writings on contemporary politics, published in England, a Memoir of his friend, Sir Samuel Romilly. He was a poet of no mean order, and one of his latest publications was a collection of his minor pieces in verse, original and translated. In 1847, Mr. Peter published in Philadelphia, Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome, comprising the most of Greece and Rome, comprising the most thorough and satisfactory popular summary of ancient poetry ever made in the English language. He had previously published translations of Schiller's William Tell, Maid of Orleans, Mary Stuart, and Battle with the Dragons; of Manzoni's Fifth of May, &c.; and of the Prometheus of Eschuylus,—New York Illustrated News. lustrated News.

Recent dates from Australia announce that it has been ascertained that Dr. Leichardt has been killed by the natives, after having pene-trated 1200 miles into the interior of Austra-Like Cunningham, Gilbert, and Kennedy, the doctor has fallen a victim to his adventurous courage to penetrate the interior of that vast continent. In his first expedition, as we learn from Sydney's recent work on Australia, in a letter to a friend, he describes his life in terms which sound sadly and strangely affect-Writing from Moreton Bay district, while he was preparing for his first expedition,

"Living here as the bird lives, who flies from tree to tree,-living on the kindness of a friend fond of my science, or on the hospitality of the settler and squatter,-with a little mare, I travelled more than 2500 miles, zigzag from Newcastle to Wide Bay, being often my own groom, cook, washerwoman, geologist, and botanist, at the same time; and I delighted in this life. When next you hear of me, it will be either that I am dead and lost, or that I have succeeded in penetrating through the interior to Port Essington.'

He did succeed, but the privations he endured were terrible. For his services the Legislative Council voted him £1450. After this he lost no time in preparing a second expedition for the purpose of exploring the interior of Australia, the extent of Sturt's desert, and the character of the western and north-western coast, and to observe the gradual change in vegetation and animal life, from one side of in vegetation and animal life, from one side of the continent to the other. This expedition was expected to occupy two and a half years in reaching Swan River. One letter only was received from him by a friend in Sydney, when he was eleven days out, closing with these words: "Seeing how much I have been favored in my present progress, I am full of hope, that our Almighty Protector will allow me to bring my darling scheme to a successful termi-nation." Hard is the fare, and sad the fate of

this bold explorer of the wonders of a new Island Continent,—Boston Transcript.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

- Hiram Powers has, under date of January 12, 1853, addressed to a correspondent of the National Intelligencer the following, which in several passages has a peculiar interest:

* * * "You invite me to come home, on a visit at least; and I am fully sensible of the propriety and great kindness of all you say. and I thank you most heartily for it. But the truth is, I cannot, and I will tell you why.

"My engagements forbid it, at least for the

present; besides, I should have to discharge my workmen-eight fine fellows, some of whom have been with me for fourteen years. In short, I should have to break up my establishment for the time being, and it would be difficult to reunite it again as I now have it. My workmen would engage elsewhere, and everything would fall back. It would take me a long while to make up for lost time, and it would cost me some three or four thousand dollars. And all for what? You intimate that I should get some valuable commissions, and I think it probable that I might; but I do not want them so much now as I did. I have plenty to do; but perhaps my orders do not pay so well as Government orders would. But this consideration will never induce me to seek an order from our Government. I never have done this while here, and I shall never go home for such a purpose. If I am overlooked or forgotten by the members of Congress, it is the best proof I could have of their disregard, and that my services are not required. I have left nothing undone that I could do, short of personal importunity, to win the favorable regard of our Government.

"I have modelled a statue, to which I have given the name of our country, 'America,' and I have sent daguerreotypes of it home to be seen by our leading men; and some of these menmy gratitude is unbounded to them-have petitioned Congress for several years past to give me an order for this, as I intended it, national work. I can meet and stand up against opposition, but I bow and turn away from indifference. A handsome commission from Congress might justify my breaking off here for a season, in order to gratify the burning desire, which my wife shares with me, to go home and see once more the numerous relatives and friends we have in America. We never see the sun go down, spreading his glorious mantle over our western home, without a sigh; nor do I see him rising in the east without fresh resolves to follow him in his course as soon as possible. This may give you some idea how I feel, and how much we long to leave this country for ever. I know not how many have told me that I should receive a warm welcome if I would go home even on a visit. This, of course, is most gratifying to hear; it shows that I am not forgotten. But this would not justify my going. I came abroad to learn my art, and I have lived here for more than fifteen years, during which time a large family has grown up around me. We have seven children, the three eldest nearly grown. Our eldest boy has been sent home to finish his education by learning to be an American.

You have asked for a catalogue of my works. "You have asked for a catalogue of my works. It will not be large. I have made some hundreds of busts, but few statues—those of the Greek Slave, Eve, Calhoun, the Fisher Boy, California, La Penseroso, and Washington. The three last are not yet finished. I have executed five of the Greek Slave, three of the Fisher Boy, one of Eve, and one of Calhoun, and others are engaged. Washington is for the others are engaged. Washington is for the State of Louisiana. The order was given, I am proud to say, by a unanimous vote of the Legislature.

"I should have mentioned America in the

above list. This is about half done, in marble a perfect block, but it is of the size of the model, six feet one inch high. I intended this for a colossal statue, say twelve or fourteen feet high, but could not afford to make it without an order for it. She points to heaven with one hand, and treads on a sceptre with one foot, and she leans upon an emblem of union (the fasces) with her right hand. She wears the original thirteen stars upon her forehead. Her attitude is as of one addressing the people, and the motto is, 'Trust in God, maintain the Union, and crush Despotism.' Her expression is earnest and confident, and she is draped from the waist down, but in such a manner as to reveal her figure.

"I presume that you do not care for an enumeration of my busts, but I will mention some of them. I have busts of Mr. Webster, Cal-houn, Adams, Jackson, Marshall, Everett, Col. W. C. and John S. Preston, McDuffie, Van Buren, Judge Burnet, Mr. Longworth, and some others of our conspicuous men. Here I have made busts of the Grand Duchess, Princess Demidoff, and others. Prince Demidoff, by the way, has two statues, the Greek Slave and the Fisher Boy, done by me. There are two of the Greek Slave, and one statue of my Fisher Boy in England, and there are many ideal busts of mine there.

"I hope you will understand me rightly in all that I have said above. I do not complain of anything, for I know how the world goes, as the saying is, and I try to take it calmly and patiently, holding out my net, like a fisherman, to catch salmon, shad, or pilchards, as they may come; if salmon, why then we can eat salmon; if shad, why then shad are good; but if pilchards, why then we can eat them, and bless God that we have a dinner at all. Sincerely your friend,

"H. Powers."

- A poem, not in his collected works, by Thomas Hood, from Sharpe's Magazine :-

PAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves, See ye not the falling leaves? See ye not the gathered sheaves? Farewell!

Is it not time to go To that fair land ye know ? The breezes, as they swell, Of coming winter tell, And from the trees shake down The brown And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly; See ye not the altered sky ? Know ye not that winter's nigh? Farewell! Go, fly in noisy bands, To those far distant lands

Of gold, and pearl, and shell, And gem (of which they tell In books of travel strange), And range In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide O'er the restless, rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide. Farewell!

In groves, far, far away, In summer's sunny ray, In warmer regions dwell; And then return to tell Strange tales of foreign lands; In bands, Perched on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray That I, like you, might fly away; And to each coming evil say Farewell!

Yet, 'tis my fate to live Here, and with troubles strive; And I some day may tell How they before me fell, Conquered; then calmly die, And cry—
"Trials and toils, farewell!"

T. Hoop

- A correspondent sends us the following notice of a late English scholar:—" The recent advices from Europe bring the account of the melancholy decease of the Rev. Edward Rice, D.D., for many years Head Master of Christ's Hospital, London. Dr. Rice, although a sound and ripe scholar, had devoted himself to instruction, and had, if we remember rightly, never published any work. Educated himself at Christ's Hospital, he graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and was appointed Master of the Grammar School of Armagh, in Ireland, from which place his services were transferred to Christ's Hospital, where he afterwards became Head-Master. The prizes gained at the University by his many pupils, and the position now held by them, is a guarantee of his great success as an instructor; his pupils were peculiarly successful in Greek composition, and at Cambridge the Porson Prize fell to their lot more than an ordinary number of times. The present Regius Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, Dr. Maine, went to College after partaking of his care and instruction, and the boys of Christ's Hospital owe, mainly, to him the abolition of corporal punishment, except in cases of extreme dis-obedience. For some years Dr. Rice was morning preacher to the Philanthropic Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, in which establishment he took a great interest, and the Royal Free Hospital found in him an early friend, and to his active energies as Chairman of its Managing Committee much is owing from its present posi-tion. His hand was ever open to the calls of charity, and his former scholars looked frequently to him for advice and assistance towards their after success in life.

"The writer of this was educated under the Doctor's care, and afterwards had the pleasure and benefit of his friendship."

M. Proudhon has written a rather amus ing letter to the Presse, in reference to the refusal of M. de Maupas to allow him to publish his review, and to the curious lawsuit he recently lost:

"Sir-I am really ashamed to occupy the public so often with my misfortunes; but after having kindly announced the police minister's refusal to authorize the review I was about to es-tablish, after having denied the report that I intended to have recourse to imperial authority, and having attributed M. de Maupas's decision to its true cause; you must yet be so obliging as to inform the public of an unexampled violation of my name, my person, and my ideas. It is not alone my interest that is in question—the matter concerns public confidence abused. The Court of Besançon, overruling a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce of that town, has just decided that one Turbergue, a church-warden turned bookseller, ex sutore medicus, had a right to buy up from the sausage-maker, the grocer, turned bookseller, ex sutore medicus, had a right to buy up from the sausage-maker, the grocer, and the tripe-seller, the copies of a very based composed by me seventeen years ago, and which, out of respect to the public and myself, I had wished to destroy, and had sold, with that view, for waste paper, at the price of four sous per kilogramme; that the said Turbergue infringed no rule of justice by arrang-

ing the leaves of that work, completing those that were wanting forming them into pamph-lets, putting covers upon the pamphlets, and then selling the whole, as my legitimate work, the authentic product of my mind, and that in competition with the same work, rewritten from beginning to end, augmented to twice the size, honorably mentioned by the Institute, and proposed by me to be shortly delivered to the pub-lic, with further additions. I have not yet read the decree of the court, which tolerates this violation, I will not say of property, but of human personality. It may be that overruling motives, some vice of form perhaps—I know not what—may have determined the court. We every day see honorable magistrates weep while they sen-tence poor women, convicted as vagabonds and beggars. All that I can say is, that it has been affirmed that my book, corrected and augmented, was or would be anti-Christian, while the original one seems much more in conformity with the ideas of M. de Bonald, &c. Here am I, then, printed, published, sold, in spite of my-self, and by authority of justice. Nothing more would be wanting to complete the story than to see my new labors, with the corrections and augmentations, suppressed. The thing is not impossible. I do not yet know whether I shall appeal to the Supreme Court. But, whether I appeal or whether I submit, I have, at least, as the author, the right of protesting, and without meaning any disrespect to the court, I do protest against the circulation of a work of which I do not deny the paternity, but which I repudiate and denounce as not representing the state of my ideas—as being a lie and a counterfeit.

"P. J. PROUDHON."

- Another Paris item :

"An interesting question of literary copyright has been decided at the Palais de Justice. A society of musical composers brought actions against the managers of several theatres for introducing their songs into dramatic pieces. It appears that this has never hitherto been treated as an infringement of copyright property. The Court of Première Instance, however, has ruled that the right of the musical composers to prohibit the practice was clear in point of law, but, considering this right has never been insisted upon, the theatres were justified in supposing themselves authorized to interpolate the song in their plays, and they must be allowed to use them for three months longer, in order that they may have sufficient time to provide others."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In spite of the censorship and police of Europe, books manage to get published. A new one, by Professor Gervinus, well known for his history of German literature, is just now creating considerable agitation in Germany. Great pains are taken by the Heidelberg police to find out every purchaser of the volume. It has been seized in Munich and elsewhere, and the professor is cited before the legal tribunals. The volume itself has not reached our hands, but the German papers give some account of it. Professor Gervinus, following in the wake of ideas proposed by Vico, Montesquieu, Her-der, Hegel, Michelet, and Auguste Comte, in succession, believes that he has discovered the laws by which the development of nations-the growth of the world-is governed,-and those laws he has attempted to explain in the incriminated "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century."

ence is particularly felt in the universities. The ence is particularly felt in the universities. The sting lies in the nature of the law which he thinks he has discovered: viz. the inevitable tendency of civilized nations towards self-government,—towards democracy, in fact. This idea is certainly far from novel,—and the excitement got up about it only shows once more how unsound is the relation in which intellections of the stands at this period to the contract of the stands at this period to the second series. ual Germany stands at this period to the several armed powers of the country.

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